No. 26. { Whole No 156 } *Price, 10 Cents. Per Annum, $3.00.* Vol. VI.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 16, 1871.

Subject: The Privilege of Working.

PLYMOUTH PULPIT:

A Weekly Publication

OF

SERMONS

PREACHED BY

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

New-York:

J. B. FORD & CO., No. 27 PARK PLACE,

1871.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, AGENTS FOR THE TRADE.

European Agents, SAMPSON, LOW, SON, & MARSTON, Crown Buildings, 188 Fleet Street, London.

AUTHORIZATION.

Brooklyn, January, 1869.

Messrs. J. B. Ford & Co.:

Gentlemen: Mr. T. J. Ellinwood has been the reporter of my sermons for some ten years; and he is the only authorized reporter of them. The sermons which you are printing, week by week, from his hand, are published by you alone, and are the only ones for which I will consent to be responsible.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

NOTICE.

PLYMOUTH PULPIT is the *only regular publication of* MR. BEECHER'S *current sermons*—the one indorsed by his approval as correct, and sanctioned by his authority; it is well printed on good paper, in book form—being *suitable for binding and preservation*, (the advertisements at the back being easily removed;) and it is *cheap*—within the reach of all. The publishers have responded to the constant demand for a continued insertion of the Prayers, as one of the most profitable features of MR. BEECHER'S ministrations, and the Scriptural lesson and hymns sung are also indicated, making a complete record of one service of Plymouth Church for each Sunday.

TERMS.—Single numbers, ten cents. Yearly subscription price, $3.00, giving two volumes of about 450 pages each. Half-yearly subscription price, $1.75. Subscriptions may begin with any number.

CLUB RATES, five copies for $12.00. Circulars giving List of Cash Commissions and Popular Premiums for Subscriptions sent free, on application to the publishers. Plymouth Pulpit and The Christian Union together for $5 per annum.

POSTAGE OF PLYMOUTH PULPIT to subscribers in the United States is twenty cents per year, payable quarterly, in advance, at the Post-Office to which the pamphlet is sent; and on single copies to England it is *four cents.*

PLYMOUTH PULPIT.

THIS publication began with the sermon of Sunday, September 20th, 1868, the first of the Church services for the year. Each *Volume* will contain twenty-six numbers, being one sermon each week for six months. The *First, Second,* and *Third* series are now issued; each making one large and handsome 8vo vol., extra cloth—Vol. I. being embellished with a new STEEL PORTRAIT of MR. BEECHER—the best likeness of him ever published—Vol. II. having a fine large Interior View of Plymouth Church. Price, $2.50 per vol. *Sent post-paid by mail on receipt of price.*

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

I. The Duty of Using One's Life for Others. II. The God of Comfort. III. The Nobility of Confession. IV. Self-Control Possible to All. V. Pilate, and his Modern Imitators. VI. The Strong to Bear with the Weak. VII. Growth in the Knowledge of God. VIII. Contentment in all Things. IX. Abhorrence of Evil. X. Privileges of the Christian. XI. The Love of Money. XII. Divine Influence on the Human Soul. XIII. Moral Affinity, the True Ground of Unity. XIV. The Value of Deep Feelings. XV. Works Meet for Repentance. XVI. Malign Spiritual Influences. XVII. The Old and the New. XVIII. The Hidden Christ. XIX. Well-Wishing not Well-Doing. XX. Sphere of the Christian Minister. XXI. Suffering, the Measure of Worth. XXII. The Victory of Hope in Sorrow. XXIII. The Crime of Degrading Men. XXIV. Self-Conceit in Morals. XXV. Morality, the Basis of Piety. XXVI. The Trinity. XXVII. The Family, as an American Institution

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

I. The Way of Coming to Christ. II. Conduct, the Index of Feeling. III. The Sympathy of Christ. IV. Retribution and Reformation. V. Counting the Cost. VI. Scope and Function of a Christian Life. VII. Human Ideas of God. VIII. The Graciousness of Christ. IX. Evils of Anxious Forethought. X. The Beauty of Moral Qualities. XI. The Problem of Joy and Suffering in Life. XII. The Apostolic Theory of Preaching. XIII. The Right and the Wrong Way of Giving Pleasure. XIV. The Perfect Manhood. XV. Dissimulating Love. XVI. The Door. XVII. Moral Theory of Civil Liberty. XVIII. Peaceableness. XIX. Soul-Drifting. XX. The Hidden Life. XXI. Discouragements and Comforts in Christian Life. XXII. Hindrances to Christian Development. XXIII. Loving and Hating. XXIV. Authority of Right over Wrong. XXV. The Power of Love. XXVI. The Preciousness of Christ.

CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

I. Watchfulness. II. Paul and Demetrius. III. Consolations of the Suffering of Christ. IV. Treasure that Cannot be Stolen. V. Bearing, but not Overborne. VI. The Holy Spirit. VII. Ideal Standard of Duty. VIII. Faults. IX. The Comforting God. X. The Name Above Every Name. XI. National Unity. XII. Social Obstacles to Religion. XIII. Christ, the Deliverer. XIV. The God of Pity. XV. Sin Against the Holy Ghost. XVI. Inheritance of the Meek. XVII. Memorials of Divine Mercy. XVIII. The Victorious Power of Faith. XIX. The Peace of God. XX. Coming to One's Self. XXI. Fragments of Instruction. XXII. The Substance of Christianity. XXIII. Spiritu Blindness. XXIV. Perfect Peace. XXV. Preparation for Death. XXVI. Fidelity to Conviction.

ANY BACK NUMBERS CAN BE HAD.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION ($3.00) together with Marshall's Washington—and PLYMOUTH PULPIT will be sent to ONE ADDRESS for $5.00).

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by J. B. FORD & CO., in the Office of the Librarian at Washington.

THE PRIVILEGE OF WORKING.

"Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." EPH. III. 8.

The union of pride and humility was never so remarkable as in the case of Paul. The most profound self-abasement, and the most intense self-confidence, were united in him. In one point of view he declares that he was second to none of the apostles in labors. He declares that he abounded in labors more than all of them—as he did. And yet, in other points of view he speaks of himself as less than the least of them, as in the text:

"Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints [not merely less than his fellows, the apostles, but less than the saints], is this grace [this glorious permission] given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."

You will find the same declaration contained in the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians:

"Last of all he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time. For I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the Church of God."

There is humility for you. But listen again:

"By the grace of God I am what I am: and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain."

He did not think it necessary to make believe in order to be humble. He knew that fact was fact.

"I labored more abundantly than they all."

But the moment he took another view of it, he added,

'Yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me."

The predominent feeling of Paul in respect to his ministry was, that permission to labor for God and man was an unspeakable privilege. He accepted his toil, his suffering, the obloquy which was brought upon him, his exile, his weariness, his sickness, and all the other concomitants of his extraordinary career; and then, in view of them all, he declared that to preach the Gospel to men who did not know the truth, was an unspeakable privilege. He re-

SUNDAY MORNING, Oct. 30, 1870. LESSON: 1 PET. I. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 43, 424, 666.

joiced as if it were a favor, and a remarkable favor, that God had conferred upon him.

Through many years he was the most prodigious of workers. It may be said that Christianity has delivered itself to us on account of Paul. It was his conception of Christianity, it was his application of it to the various phases of life, that determined the shape which Christianity has assumed in the world. Yet, through all he preserved the feeling that he was one who was favored, in that he was permitted to work for Christ. He had the feeling, not that he had attained a great thing, but that a great thing had been done to him. He had a profound sense of his obligation for the redemption of his soul by Jesus—such a sense as made him feel that he never could repay the debt, and that all his time, and his every thought, and every power, and every effort, would only be a minimum contribution, a mere fractional payment, of his indebtedness to Christ. No one (not even Dante) ever had such a vivid sense of what it is to be without God in the world, and to be a child of wrath and darkness, as the apostle Paul had. If you go through his writings, and collect his intimations and affirmations on the subject, you will be struck with the magnitude and dreadfulness of his conception of the state of being lost. He had, all through his life, the feeling that he had been as one suspended over a mighty abyss, and that in an unexpected hour he had been grasped and brought back to safety again. And he never forgot the shock. He never got rid of the impression which was produced upon his mind. No one ever had a more intimate and personal feeling, either, of the meaning of this rescue by the Lord Jesus Christ of which he was the subject. With all that he was in the fullness of his power, with all his intuitions, with the success which attended him everywhere, with that self-consciousness which rather magnified than minified his real gifts, the apostle always felt that he owed everything he was to the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I have in my mind a man of a great nature, with great faults and great excellences, to whom God has given a companion of rare excellence; and I have heard him say, many times, with tears rolling down his cheeks, "If I have been saved from wickedness, and I have turned out anything good, I owe it to that woman." I have heard this testimony borne, not once nor twice, but many times. It is one of the most affecting testimonies that one can have, that the influence of another person has been such as to save him from the evil that is in him, and in the world, and lift him up on a higher plane, and give him an exalted sphere and life, and that he owes a debt of gratitude to that other for that influence.

Now, Paul, feeling so in regard to the Lord Jesus Christ, says, "By the grace of God I am what I am." "Because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead: and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them.

The figures which he employs show this. He speaks of himself as of one that was lost, and recovered again; as of a person lost in a great wilderness, and sought out, and found, and brought back, and saved from starvation, or from other destruction. He speaks continually of darkness as having been his former state, and of himself as having been restored to light by the power of Christ. All his foregoing life was as the life of a man in a dungeon, except that he did not know it; and all his after conscious life was as the life of a man who was living and walking under the blessed sun. And all that he owed to Christ—to the influence which Christ had exerted upon him. At other times he speaks of himself as of one who had been taken captive by cruel enemies, but had been rescued. As a person is rescued by being bought out of slavery, so he sometimes represents himself as having been bought by the precious blood of Christ. At other times he represents himself as a warrior triumphing over his enemies. As one sets free those who are endungeoned, by breaking down the door, and opening the recesses of cruelty, and bringing out the victim, so Paul speaks of himself as having been found and rescued by the military power, as it were, of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Thus different figures are employed by Paul interchangeably, to set forth the truth that he had been horribly ensnared and horribly bruised in his bitter captivity of sin, and that he had been rescued by the Lord Jesus Christ, and brought out into life and liberty and gladness, into an ampler manhood, and into a hope far transcending the present, and that he owed it to Christ. It was not the drift of his faculties, nor the drift of the institutions under which he lived. It was not the work of his organization nor of his will. It was the continuous divine influence. He was conscious that it wrought this work in his soul; and he never forgot it. It never wore out with him.

His life therefore seemed to him a gift. All that he had, and all that he was, and all that he could think, and all that he could do, and whatever enthusiasm he had, and whatever power he had of inspiring other people with enthusiasm—these were, all of them, in his language, *bought with a price*—even the precious blood of Jesus Christ.

Therefore, wherever Paul labored, and however much he labored, he never seemed to himself overworked. Never had he exerted

himself beyond what he thought he ought to. Never did he feel that he had performed an overplus of work. There is a generosity and humility in love which can work from a profound sense of generosity. There is a love that scorns measuring. And the apostle never felt, "I have worked fully up to my share of that which is to be done on earth." He felt, rather, "As long as I have a sentient emotion, as long as I have a pulse-beat, all that there is of me is not enough to pay the debt that I owe to him that loved me, and gave himself for me." He felt that he could never pay that debt. There are some debts, you know, that cannot be paid. Heart-debts you cannot pay.

Oh, how beautiful a thing is such sensitive and honorable gratitude! There are men who cannot hear the name of Arnold of Rugby spoken without tears, to this day, though he has been dead for a score of years. Thomas Hughes, who has just gone home, is one of them. I do not believe he could speak of him five minutes without tears, and without saying, "From the foundation to the roof-tree, everything that I am, I owe to that man."

There are persons who know that if they had not been taken by Jesus at just such a time, into friendliness and love, and been snared in the golden-meshed web of divine sympathy, and been rescued, they would have been utterly destroyed. And in regard to everything that comes to be bright and beautiful in their experience, to the end of their life, they will never cease to feel, "I owe it all to him."

There are children who cannot hear their mother's name mentioned without having a tide, a gulf-stream, as it were, setting out of their heart. For they know that the life which they are living here, and which they hope to live hereafter, was so intimately connected with her influence and fidelity and love, that if it had not been for her faithfulness, their souls would not have lived.

These are very blessed testimonies; they are comely, seemly, beautiful, rational, admirable; but above them all stands One who is more to us than father or mother, or brother or sister, or husband or wife, or dearest and most self-sacrificing friend—Jesus Christ, who sacrificed his life for us, and now lives his heavenly life for us from day to day, and from hour to hour. And Paul felt, as we ought to feel more than we do,

"The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

He really felt so; and he never could do enough for Christ. You never can do enough for one whom you thoroughly love. What mother could ever do enough for her child when her heart was

bound up in it? In the hour of love, who ever could say all that he wanted to say, or express all that he felt, or do all that he desired to do? How poor, to love, is the best offering of love!

No one ever had a more vivid sense of the grandeur of the work which God was carrying on in the earth than the apostle Paul. Of the redemption of men from the bondage of the flesh to the liberty of the Spirit; of the joyfulness, the beauty, the creative admirableness of that work which was going on—he had a very clear and abiding conception. Men generally think of the world, and of God's work in history, from their exterior. We trace the development of commerce, the development of art, and of the mechanic arts, the upbuilding and wasting of kingdoms, bringing in more or less of the moral element; but to the apostle Paul the whole history of this world lay in its interior. Although the wisdom and love of your neighbor are represented to you by the emblem of the body, yet, after all, the real man that you think of is the interior and invisible man. And God's work, to the apostle Paul, was that spiritualizing, Christianizing work which was going on.

The kingdom of God came not with observation. That kingdom was described as leaven hid in three measures of meal. And the leaven was not less there, and was not less powerful in its working, because it was invisible. The apostle saw all things in this light of the interior meaning. Everything in this world to him was to be estimated by its relation to man's spiritual development and growth. What the ground was worth, what the spider was worth, what the throne was worth, what the merchant and his merchandise were worth, was to be determined by their effect upon man's spiritual nature. The apostle saw within. He was a seer in that regard.

The wonder of the future was added to this. There is to be a history yet in this world, compared with which all past history is as nothing. I believe that we are just about in the month of March in the world's great year. We have got through the winter, and are in the blustering days when nature does not know whether she means to be hot or cold; and the world is full of wars and commotions and storms. And yet, many beautiful things are developed. There is a great deal that is sweet and delightful; but it is March weather, with here a bright day, and there a dark and stormy day.

Is this a modern idea? To a great extent it is. It is largely the outgrowth of modern habits of thought. Did the apostle believe there was to be a future of Christ's work on this earth? We should expect that as a Jew he would have believed it; for the Jews believed that the whole world was to be given to the Messiah; and when Christ came, if he would have put himself at the head of a

Jewish phalanx, and accepted their prejudices and hatreds and notions, every Pharisee, every Scribe and every scoundrel, would have bowed before him and taken him to be their king. It was because he would not do this that he was rejected. The Jews, with the exception of a few, did not believe in a near and important consummation. They believed that the earth was to be redeemed; only Jerusalem was to be first redeemed, and the Jews, the aristocrats of the globe, were to be the instruments by which Christ would redeem the world. They believed that there was to be a great future on the earth; but it looks as though the apostle Paul did not believe in it. For instance, if you turn to such language as you will find in the 1st of Thessalonians, it seems impossible to suppose that Paul did not expect that Christ would come in his day:

"This we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent [go before, anticipate] them which are asleep [or dead]. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

There is no getting away from that. If it means anything, it means that the writer thought that before he died he should stand with his companions and see the consummation of all things.

Nor can you read the following passage in the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, without coming to the same conclusion, in regard to Paul's impression on this subject:

"We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye."

In this chapter Paul goes through that same thought precisely. Therefore it has been said that he believed there was to be no great future of Christianity in this world; that there was to be a cataclysm; and that in his own day it was to be consummated. And, indeed, it looks very much so.

But, on the other hand, look at such a passage as this, in the 1st chapter of Philippians, and the 20th verse:

"According to my earnest expectation and my hope, that in nothing I shall be ashamed, but that with all boldness, as always, so now also Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life, or by death. For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. But if I live in the flesh, this is the fruit of my labor: yet what I shall choose I wot not. For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ; which is far better: nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you."

Here you perceive that the apostle Paul expects to live, and die, just like anybody else, and go to Christ on the other side, leaving the work behind. He says the work leads me to want to live, but I shall leave it behind." That does not sound as though he expected

that Christ would come, and that the work would be wound up. "I desire to live for the sake of the work," he said; "although when I think of Christ I desire to depart."

You will find this same thing in the 2nd Epistle to Timothy:

"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

Here is no idea of a precipitate consummation. Here is the regular modern thought—namely, that there is to be an indefinite continuance of the work of God. "I shall die, and go and inherit my crown; and in long succession others will go up after me"—that is the purport of the apostle's declaration.

How are we to reconcile these things? I have no doubt that in certain ecstatic visions, the apostle saw the consummation so near, that it seemed to him as though there was not a handsbreadth between the end and himself; and he spoke accordingly. Doubtless at other times he had the view that the kingdom of Christ was to have a future in this world—periods of evolution and extension. How long he did not know. And so he fluctuated between these two ideas. That he felt that he was going to die and go up to heaven, and that the church would continue on earth, and go forward for ages, we do not doubt; and that he had a clear and correct conception of the coming glory of Christ's kingdom on earth, and that it was to be a kingdom built without hands, a mighty spiritual kingdom, and that compared to that which was to come all the glory of the past of the race was but as a taper compared with the sunlight, we do not doubt.

Now, he looked upon the new heaven and the new earth that were to come, and he saw how glorious men were to be. He saw, doubtless, in prophetic vision, at times, what nations were yet to become. Without doubt, much that he saw was obscure; much of it was enveloped in a golden haze; but there was much that was clear to his mind. And when he thought that he was to build that great kingdom, that his hands were now helping to lay the foundation stones, the magnitude and the grandeur of the work overwhelmed him, and he felt that it was a privilege to be permitted to labor in such a great development. And looking at it more in detail, I do not know how any one can help feeling so. Consider the salvation of a single soul; the rescuing of a man from his animal life; the bringing him under that divine influence by which he is transformed into a truly spiritual being, the beauty of heaven beginning to grow upon him; the blessedness and the glory of God beginning to

rest upon his head. To be permitted to lead one single soul to Christ, if one only stood at the right point of view, would seem to him more than a crown, and more than a coronet given by a king's hand.

When Raphael was executing the various frescoes which he was commissioned to paint by the Roman Papal government, he drew the figures, determining the subjects, and grouping the different elements. He worked the designs out with his pencil. Then he put them into his scholars' hands, and they went on and filled them out. And after they had done the best they could, when their part of the work was completed, Raphael was accustomed to take his pencil and give the pictures a last finish. And so he was *the author and the finisher* of the pictures worked upon by these his apostles.

To be permitted to be with Raphael, and belong to his school, and paint upon the wall a picture that came from his brain, and was to bear his name, was thought to be one of the greatest of privileges, and was enough to make an artist's reputation.

We are of Christ's school. He lays out the work. We execute some of its intermediate stages, while his grace perfects what we do. And if we were in a condition of true spiritual-mindedness, we should feel that it was an unspeakable favor that we were permitted to work out these blessed figures, these glorious natures, these living pictures, which are to shine forever and forever in the heavenly land.

No man ever had more of what I may call spiritual *esprit de corps* than the apostle. No man ever carried about with him such a sense of who was working with him. No man ever so well understood the grandeur of the campaign on which he had entered, or was so conscious of the presence of the soldiers that were alongside of him. I do not mean that he referred to the holy men who were living on the earth, though he reverenced and honored them. But he felt, "I am a laborer together with God." He felt that he was surrounded by hosts, clouds, of witnesses.

Our heavens have a drought in them, I think. In our dusty modern times, in our hard materialism, we have swept out of our sky pretty much everything that we cannot see. We believe in telescopes, and in everything that the telescope believes in, but in nothing else.

The Apostle Paul had a wonderfully populous heaven above his head. All the hosts of God, to his thinking, were at work. He believed that the ransomed did not go into everlasting indolence and call it rest. He believed that the heaven was thronged with spirit-workers, and that they had sympathy with the work; that they liked it not only, but were commissioned to help perform it; and

that time, and all the cope, were filled full of God, and God's workers. And he felt that he was ever working in the midst of this great and royal company, never unattended, never alone. And when he was upon the sea, or in the wilderness, or in the persecuting city, more were they that were for him than they that were against him. All the way through he worked with a magnificent sense of companionship. And it was this which made him feel that he was highly privileged. To be admitted into such a working company was a great thing.

You think you do not believe in that. Yes you do. Every one of you, if you were to go to Europe, would wish that you had an introduction into the Court of Queen Victoria. And if it so happened that you were invited to a royal reception, you would write home about it, and all your friends would know it, and you would not forget it to the day of your death. If a woman, of flesh and blood like yourselves, only in royal conditions, takes notice of you, and invites you to go where you can just see her, look at her, your pride and vanity are gratified; for the spirit of self-seeking, and the appetites and lusts are about the same the world over, through all time, and in all governments. Men feel that when they are invited to see such a man as Humboldt, they are honored. They feel that when they are invited to the country seats of nobles, they are honored. They admit it to themselves, whether they admit it to their fellows or not. There is a universal feeling of this sort. And Paul had it. But I do not think he felt that Agrippa had anything to give him. I do not think that if it had been any monarch, even Cæsar, Paul would have felt particularly abashed in the royal presence; but to him it was God, it was Jesus Christ, who was leading forth the spiritual forces of the universe, and was King; and the heavenly host were the aristocrats and nobles. And he felt that he was called into their company. And to be called into such company touched the feeling of humanity in him, as well as that of rejoicing pride; and he felt it to be an unspeakable privilege to be allowed to work with such workmen.

No one ever seems to have had so grand and magnificent a sense of the final outcome of God's moral government over this world as the Apostle Paul. There is a great deal more meaning in many of the passages of the Bible than we can give to them. The fact is that many of the texts of Scripture kill sermons dead. A wise preacher skips the best texts. He cannot work them up.

When mahogany was first introduced into Europe, there was not a carpenter shop in any kingdom that had tools highly tempered enough to work it. It broke every tool that there was, and

new tools had to be made, of better steel, and steel of a higher temper. And our tools with which we handle texts, are not of good enough material. We must have new ones with better material, and material more highly tempered. Here is this passage:

"As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the first-fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming. Then cometh the end."

How far away that magnificent end is we do not know. But in the contemplation of it our imagination lifts itself, and spreads its wings, as the eagle spreads his.

"Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith all things are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted which did put all things under him. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all."

Who can give an interpretation of that? He that dare, let him do it; but not I. I should as soon think of setting a mouse at surveying the chain of the Andes, and making a topographical report, as to take this magnificent vision of the consummation of God's mediatorial government in the universe, including this world, and what others we know not, and undertake, without experience, and without anything else but the blazonry of these grand figures, to give any precise idea of what it was—only this: that after a campaign, magnificently planned and nobly conducted, the General comes back to his King, and having defeated everything in the field, and having subdued all the provinces, and holding in his hands the keys of cities, lays them at his King's feet, and then takes his place near by his seat. That is the figure.

So when the vast work of God on earth and in heaven shall have been done, in the far and grand future, Christ shall come back, and shall lay before God the tokens of universal victory, and God shall be all and in all. Whether it shall be by the resumption of the Son, or whether by some co-equality, or some other steps, no man knows, and no man need try to know. Sufficient it is that it shall be a scene of unequaled grandeur and glory.

Paul worked with that in his mind. He had a horizon that swept as far as thought. And he could not be lifted up into petty pride and vanity by the consciousness of what he was doing, of who his companions were, of what the field was on which he labored, of who it was that led him, and of what was the consummation of this great scheme in which he was but a factor and single unit.

We may, I think, take from this example of Paul even more les-

sons than we have attempted to draw as we have gone on. His sense of the privilege, the great favor, of being allowed to work in the kingdom of God, ought to give us some new ideas, and some new issues to old ideas.

First, we are living in an age which is apt to glorify the individual. *The sovereignty of man* is one of the cant phrases of the day. There is a great deal in philosophy, as well as a great deal in the best part of human nature, which is leading men to feel that they are immensely important. Man is important in God: out of God he is worthless. But philosophy makes man feel that, in and of himself, without any regard to his origin, without regard to the branch on which he is growing, he is individually something great. This feeling is fostered by the institutions under which he lives. Our institutions tend to make everybody independent. We are talking about the rights of the individual. We are seeking to secure them. We are stimulating the individual, and we are endeavoring to stimulate the great mass of men, so that every individual belonging to the republic shall be a factor of power. That is all right. But the overaction of this tendency is in the direction of pride and vanity—democratic pride; philosophic pride; pride of individuality; the consciousness of our own strength, which often ripens into arrogance. And this destroys that fine sense of spiritual dependence which belongs to the noblest natures. It takes us largely out of the feeling and spirit of Gospel life. It takes us out of household life. It takes us out of that life in which we are woven into the divine nature, and makes us idols.

Now, we want a sense of personal unworthiness. We are not in danger, in this nation, of being crushed in our pride too much. In some nations there is danger, where the king crushes one half, and the priest crushes the other half, of being unmanly, and ground down into a sordid submission; but that is not a temptation of our nation, either in their native or imported dispositions. In this country we are in no danger of being too humble. On the other hand, we need, more than almost anything else, influences that shall rationally, intelligently, promote some sense of our relative weakness in the great scheme of God in this world. We need something which shall make us feel that nature did not give us everything: that redemption came by Jesus Christ. We need something that shall teach us that there is not alone a Son, but a Sun of righteousness; that there is not alone a providence, but a grace of God. We need something that shall keep alive in our minds a sense of the grandeur of that work which is going on, and the glory of the future of that work, and its outcome in this world, so that we shall

not seem to ourselves to be conferring favors, but rather receiving favors, when we are permitted to join our force with God and our fellow men, and work for the world and for eternity.

This subject may comfort those who are weary of work; or rather, it may rebuke them, and so convert them. There be many who say, "Have I not fulfilled my duty?" "As long ago as I can remember," says one, "I have been working in the Sunday-school, and in the industrial school; but now I am married, and duties at home engage me, and I feel as though I had done my share." What is your *share?* Do you suppose work is a contribution-box, and that God is a beggar, and that he is passing it down to you, and that you are to throw in your *share?* The box comes round, and it must be filled up. And what do you owe? Do you not owe life in its totality? That which you give to the household is a part of what you are giving to the world. And if you have time and power to do more, it is not a benefaction. You are not benefactors conferring benefits on the community. It is a privilege that you are permitted to rear in the household, children for God and glory.

Ah! you do not know what you are doing. You carry your little babe. Each one's child, you know, is a paragon! And you dress it, and love it, and bear it about in your arms, and friends admire it, and how proud you are! There is something amiable and lovable and beautiful in this; but it is only an emblem—for that babe you carry for friends to admire before there is anything admirable about it, so far as outward appearances are concerned. But when you have trained it, and shaped it, and its character has been made illustrious, and you have brought it before God, before Christ, and into the presence of the whole household of faith, to be loved and admired, then, O mother, you will feel, in the presence of God and the holy angels, that you have had an unspeakable privilege. No person will ever bring a child in his arms to Jesus and not feel that he has been himself crowned in having permission thus to bring a human being home to glory.

If God gives you work in the household, and that absorbs your talents, well and good; but if you have more talent and power than is demanded in the household; if by a wise economy you are qualified to do something outside of the household as well as within it, do not fail to see your privilege. Oftentimes it is the case that a person can do work as a candle does, which gives light to all that are in the room, but, not stopping there, throws light through the window and along the road as well. What mothers and fathers do in their homes may be reflected far beyond the human sphere to which they are confined, and bless many others besides their own

families. And if you are working in the household, do not demean yourself or dishonor yourself by saying, "I have done about my part; I have worked long enough." Never! *never!* Not until the last heart-beat, not until the last expiring throb of power, will you have done enough for Him who gave all for you, and who gives all for you.

You belong to a different family from that of the vulgar and selfish. You belong to the generous, to the noble, to the true, to the Christlike, to the heavenly. Do not, therefore, measure and partition off your bounds. Work as long as there is work and you have strength to do it; and count it a blessing, every day, that God gives you something to do.

So, whenever you have a chance to put in a blow, put in a blow with heartiness, and be glad of it. Be willing, generous, brave soldiers. When, in time of danger, the general of an army calls for a forlorn hope to carry an important position, see how some noble natures, who have as much to live for as you or anybody else, quarrel for permission to do that work. And see how they take their lives in their hands, and plunge into the cloud of death, almost not caring what befalls them. And when Christ's battle opens, and he calls for volunteers, and it is for us to labor, and suffer, and give up all that we have and all that we are to have, let us not shrink from the undertaking. Do not weary in well-doing. You have gone a great many times, and a great way off, and your feet grow tired; but do not give up. Are you pondering whether you shall leave that class? Are you questioning whether it is your duty to continue to work in that neighborhood? Are you beginning to say, "Somebody else must take this work, for I have done my share"? Oh, rebuke the ignominy of such a thought as that. Work on, my brother; work on my sister; God needs you, and man needs you. Until tears are wiped away, and hearts cease to ache, and sin no longer desolates, you have a mission in this world, and you must not give up your work. Remember that you are not working because you are conferring a favor, but because it is your privilege to work.

There are many who are almost out of patience because they are so continually approached with solicitations to do something. There are so many colleges to build, so many schools to found, so many home missionaries to support, so many foreign missionaries to send away, so many churches to be maintained, so many societies to be kept up, so many poor people to be taken care of, so many calls for charity, that men get out of patience. I suppose I am no worse than you are in this respect, and sometimes I feel as though I could not bear solicitation. Do you ever lose your patience? Then you know

how to pity me. Do you ever get tired, and want to shut the door in the face of Providence, and say, "You have come often enough"? Then you know just how guilty I am. Do you ever feel, "I wish I were dead"? Then you know how I feel. And do you, when you come to you better self, feel very much ashamed of it? Then you know how I feel when I come to my better self. In those golden moments, when I think of what Christ has done for me, when he is more than father or mother to me, when I have some sense of the arms of God in infinite love around about me, when I look up into the face of the forgiving and unwearied Saviour—the faithful One—and think that I was ever tired of his work, I am ashamed. A child is sometimes fretful, when it is sick, even to the mother, and pushes her away with its hand; and with tears, when it gets well, asks her forgiveness. Even though it was sickness that did it, it can scarcely forgive itself. And so a soul feels that is impatient with God. Christ redeemed you by his precious blood; and if you have been endowed with strength to amass property, and he wants your treasure, and he appeals to your conscience and reason, and says, "You are my steward, and I gave you life and health that you might work for me and your fellow men," do not withhold it from him. Is there anything which you possess that is too good for Christ—talent, money, labor, or suffering? "To you it is given to suffer with Christ," says the apostle, "as though you were distributing precious gifts." My dear brethren, be not weary in well-doing.

Well, how long shall you work, then? As long as you live. How long? Till there is no more war nor thunder nor wretchedness on the earth; till there is no more slavery to mar and disfigure the image of God in man; till there is no more superstition to blindfold men, and plunge them into destruction; till there is no more ignorance to mislead men, and cheat them of their birthright; till there is no more pride, or selfishness, or avarice, or power of the air, to lord it over the spirits of God's people. You are to work till all things end. You are enlisted for the war. If you enlisted under Christ's banner, you enlisted to remain as long as your life shall last. You are not a three-months' or a six-months' man. And you have reason to sing for gladness that you are permitted to go into Christ's army and work until the conflict is ended.

The things which we do here perish in the doing, almost. When we write our names in time, it is as when men write their name upon the sand. The ocean is at it almost before they leave it. The waves roll over it and soon obliterate it. Such is fame in this world. The world is too full to remember everybody. Almost everybody must be forgotten. Only here and there are the names of men per-

petuated, and generally they are men who do not expect it. The work which will be remembered is that which is registered above. You must strike clear through beyond the physical, you must work where the angels shall require you to work, you must make an impression on the living hearts, the palpitating souls, of men. And to do this, devote your whole self—your body, your talent, your property. Put everything God has given you into this great spiritualizing work. And rejoice that God has permitted you to work. Die with your harness on. When the Master comes, let him find you working. And go up from the sweat and the toil, from the infirmity, if need be, and the decrepitude, of earthly fidelity, into the blessedness of eternal youth. And one moment's look of the Eye of Love will be more to you than all the glories of the round globe. And when the Ineffable shall say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord," all the symphonies that ever sighed music, and all the sweet sounds of whispered love, and all that the ear has drank in upon earth, will not equal the ecstasy which will come to your heart in that one single word.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

Our heavenly Father, thou hast taught us not to have fear, except the fear of love. Thou hast unveiled thyself; and with a voice that nations could not speak, through holy men of old thou hast made known to us what thou art, and what are thy dispositions, and what is thy will, and wherein our duty lies. And we rejoice that in that disclosure, while there is something for fear, there is more for hope, and that every special act of obedience brings peace and gladness in widening circles forevermore. Blessed are they to whom thou hast revealed this, not by the outward letter, but by the emotion of the heart, and by the unuttered communication of the Spirit. How blessed are they who have been taught that they are the children of God, and have in themselves the witness and the joy! How blessed are they who are armed against everything that can assault their peace, and who know that if God is for them, none can be against them to harm them!

Blessed are they whose world is not that which the eye can measure and the hand handle, but who are influenced by the eternal world, and who, being sons of God, know that they are heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus.

Grant, we beseech of thee, unto all of us who have named thy name, more insight of thy grace; more personal experience of thy presence and of thy love; more contrition for our own sinfulness; more gratitude for thy faithfulness; more love for the glory of thy nature; more sympathy for that great work of salvation which thou art carrying forward in time and upon the earth.

Grant, we beseech of thee, that we may live more and more toward thee; toward things spiritual; toward the ineffable; toward treasure that cannot

be exchanged, nor bought, nor sold, nor lost, but which once won, is won forever. Oh, grant that our lives may be evermore as the flowers, looking to the Sun, and grow bright in the light thereof. May our souls become rich toward God. And though we may be increased in outward strength and outward goods, may we cleave to our confidence in thee. May we be grateful for all the mercies of thy providence to us—for life; for health; for household mercies; for the great comfort of our children; for all the goodness which thou dost strew with such bounteous hands in the meagerest path, and which overflows in many places. Grant that we may not be unmindful of these minor blessings. But may we discern that they are only the first-fruits, the earnests of thy goodness to us. May we discern that for the soul is reserved coronation; that thy providence deals bountifully here with our bodies, but that thy grace waits to crown us hereafter. And may we all know that we are the sons of God, and feel royalty beating in our souls, and long amidst duty and care and labor, in those moments when the soul looks away, to appear in Zion and before God; there to know as we are known; there to hush every sorrow; there to see death itself overthrown and slain; there to rest from temptation, and from sin, and to be as the saints and the angels of God.

How can we thank thee for such hope? How can we enough bless thee for the consolation which hath already been ministered to us? In the greatness of the Way in which we have walked, how many times should we have failed, but for our hope in God! How many afflictions have broken upon us that would utterly have overthrown us, but that thou didst hold us! Yes, Lord, thou hast been a pavilion, and we have run into thee, and have hid, until the storm was overpast. We have wondered in the day of trouble that we seemed to ourselves not to be ourselves, but to be kept in a great peace, while our troubles were as the outward storm that beat upon the house, and we heard the peltings of it, and felt that we were secure, and were happy. So canst thou temper affliction. So canst thou by affliction release us from our passion and pride and worldliness. So in the midst of affliction canst thou kindle in us the strange lights of coming glory, and fill us with hope and joy in the Holy Ghost.

We rejoice in this mystery of experience—in this incommunicable life which thou hast granted unto many of us. How many are there that were very weak, but that have grown strong by bearing burdens! How many are there to whom the outstretched arms of Christ have been as the wings of a mighty bird! And bearing, they have been borne upward, and carried above all trouble and all sorrow. How hast thou made the very word more fruitful of thy promises than seeds are that come forth a hundred fold! For thou art He that dost abundantly more than we ask or think. And this is the measure of thy grace—not of our desert, nor even of our containing power. It is the measure of the horizons and bounds of thine own heart-generosity to us. And so we are always more, if we but knew our joys, our riches, and the love and the promises that wait upon us, than conquerors, through Him that loved us.

And now, Lord, we mourn over our unworthiness. We mourn that when thou lookest upon us there is no such sight as when thou lookest upon thyself. For all thy goodness, how much selfishness we give back! For all the influences that swarm the heavenly gate, how sordid are we! How full are we of earthiness! How much from day to day do we seek the bread that perisheth, and the things which come from men! How are we effeminate, shrinking from suffering for Christ's sake, and seeking the smoothest paths, and asking that ours may be the pleasantest place in experience! How little is there in us of that endurance which thy servants of old had!

We beseech of thee, O Lord, that thou wilt forgive our sinfulness; our want of sensibility toward thee; our want of love toward those that thou dost love. We beseech of thee that our hearts may be enlarged, and that we may endeavor, though it be only feebly, with our sympathy to follow thine affection, and to love our brethren—not those that are comely, not those that already bring forth the blossoms and the fruit. As thou hast had to love us in our sins, and in our deformities, and in our sores, and in our sicknesses, and hast ministered to us; so may we learn to take up those around about us who are deformed, and are filled with things deceitful, and are not comely to the Lord, nor to our feeble moral sense. May we learn to have patience with them, and compassion upon them, and to long for their deliverance, and to pray for them, and, if need be, to labor for them. And may we not call this a sacrifice, but the best using of ourselves. May we live to do good, even as thou didst come doing good in thy mortal life, our Exemplar and our Head.

We beseech of thee that thou wilt forgive all the pride that we have had, and all the vanity that we have had. If any of us think we have done much for the Lord, and praised our own wisdom, and looked with censoriousness upon those who have labored less, as if they were our inferiors, or looked upon them with pity and contempt, forgive us that we have arrogated superiority to ourselves; that we have sought to make ourselves seem fruitful, when we were all unprofitable servants. If thou wert to reveal the truth as it is to the heavenly Eye, we should seem indolent and self-seeking; our motives would seem poor and mixed; and at best we should seem sinful, and only sinful. And yet, thou art sparing and encouraging us. If we were perfect thou couldst not be more tender in thy heart than thou art in all the ruggedness of our sins. Though we are outcasts, we are as if we were royal; and though we do not understand, and do not reciprocate, and do not know how even to accept the mercies of God aright, they come as the dews come by night. They come as the light comes through all the summer day. And this is the royalty of thy nature. This it is to be God: to be full of graciousness, and of compassion, pursuing purity and truth and justice in all thy way, but pursuing them by the road of love. And so we beseech of thee that we may not count the long-suffering of God as another argument for our own sinfulness.

Call back those who have wandered. Call back those who, knowing better, have transgressed their own deliberate knowledge, and sinned against the light that shines upon their paths. Call back those who have backslidden from their faith in Christ. Call back those that once were very near, but that now are afar off. Remember the forgetting; remember the prayerless; remember those whose consciences testify against them from day to day, and testify in vain. And we beseech of thee, O Lord our God, that thou wilt grant that there may be many that are in darkness, and are arrayed against thee and thine, who shall be subdued by the power of thy Spirit, and by the word of truth, and by the mighty grace of God. And may there be many souls born again in our midst. May there be many that shall become witnesses for Christ. As after the long winter the birds come, and break out in all the trees, and sing their renewed songs of gladness in the beginning of the year, so may we have the voices of those who sing forth the praises of thy salvation. Is it not time for the singing of birds again? We beseech of thee that the winter may be passed, and that there may be all the signs and tokens of thy coming with thy great grace and power in the midst of this congregation. And we pray, O Lord our God, that we may every one of us search out the hidden places of our life; that we may put in order everything in our household, and everything throughout all our lives. May we endeavor to prepare the way, and cast it up, that the ransomed of the Lord

may return and come to Zion. Bring in the ransomed ones. Go forth for those who are in captivity, Bring them back with shoutings of joy.

And now, Lord, we beseech of thee that thou wilt bless every one in thy presence according to his individual need—for thou knowest what that need is. Thou and the heart that suffers only know the secret suffering. And we pray that thou wilt succor those who are in the bondage of fear, and those who are in despondency, and those who are overmatched in their conflicts with life, and who every day fall down and add sin to the consciousness of their imperfections. In every way, O Lord, have compassion upon those who do not know how to help themselves, and who are crushed indeed. Lift them up. Speak comfortable words to them. And though they sit desolate, and the shame of their nakedness oppresses them, O thou that didst rescue by thine own life, and that didst give thine own blood to save thy creatures, O thou that art full of mercy alike to the children of sin and of affliction, succor them.

And we pray O Lord our God, that thou wilt be very near to any who are in thy presence to-day—strangers among us, yet not strangers to the household of faith. And wilt thou grant that here they may find the open gate. Here may they find the altar. Here may they find their Father's house, and take bread from his table. And if their thoughts go backward toward those whom they have loved, Lord go with their thoughts. And multiply the blessings which they receive. Open all honor and truth to them.

And we pray, if there are any wandering aimless and discouraged, strangers in a strange land, with staff broken, and every hope cut off, that they may not give up all confidence. May they know how to wait patiently on the Lord, and to be sure that their cup shall be filled, and that their staff shall yet be established in strength. And when their eyesight fails, may they have faith.

And we pray, O Lord our God, that thou wilt be very near to those who are seeking to restore themselves to their first-love. And have compassion upon all that are endeavoring to break away from the bonds and the thralls which have bound them and held them so long. Are there not many who stretch out their hands from prison windows which they cannot escape from? O thou that didst come to open the prison-doors, come and bring them forth. Are there not many the sound of whose chains is in thine ear, and who cannot free themselves? O thou that didst break the chain of the captive, we pray that thou wilt help the helpless, and succor the needy, and take care of the outcast, and breathe the Spirit into us by which we, too, in our places, shall endeavor to do the same work of the Lord.

May we all remember that our time is short, and that our day is hastening. The sun is going down already upon us. What we have to do we must do quickly. The night cometh when no man can labor. May we therefore gird our loins with the fresh consecration of a new zeal. May we begin from this day forth and do the Lord's work, wherever in his providence we are planted. We commend ourselves to thee for life, and for death, and for immortality.

And to the Father, the Son and the Spirit, shall be the praise forever and ever. *Amen.*

LEE & SHEPARD'S NEW BOOKS.

"A Plea for the better Treatment of the Insane."

Behind the Bars. 16mo. Cloth. $2.00.

"Ordinarily those who have had the misfortune to become inmates of retreats for the insane, for a period however brief, revert to the season of restraint with reluctance, or not at all. Few of those discharged cured would be willing to recapitulate the circumstances of their own condition or of their surroundings while 'behind the bars.' Few would be capable of recalling and minutely recording those circumstances for public information. We do not know that heretofore any one has been found both capable and willing. In this consists the peculiar merit of this book, that, with a faculty of observation uncommonly alert, and a power of memory amazingly retentive, this author has been able to present a picture of such vivid and practical interest. Many works upon the treatment proper for insane patients have been published; but never, we believe, until now, has one been produced so well calculated by its details to promote the essential benefit of those whose state so strongly appeals to the liveliest sympathies of mankind."

"A vigorous writer and deep thinker."

Teh Sword and the Garment; or, Ministerial Culture. By Prof. L. T. TOWNSEND, author of "Credo." 16mo. Cloth, $1.50.

"Soft words, smooth prophecies, are doubtless well;
But to rebuke the age's popular crime,
We need the souls of fire, the hearts of that old time."
WHITTIER.

"To maintain their place, and to be leaders of men, preachers should feel the necessity of devoting themselves to severe mental and spiritual training, and by studying, praying, thinking, by close self-denying labor, that sometimes sees the stars grow pale, to obtain a deep and broad culture."—PROFESSOR HOPPIN.

ARE YOU GOING TO EUROPE?
Read **Over the Ocean.**

HAVE YOU BEEN TO EUROPE?
Read **Over the Ocean.**

TO KNOW ALL ABOUT EUROPE.
Read **Over the Ocean;** or, Sights and Scenes in Foreign Lands. By CURTIS GUILD, Editor of the *Commercial Bulletin*, Boston. Crown 8vo. $2.50.

"Mr. Curtis Guild has given the public a book of travel such as they may search for elsewhere in vain. The vivacity of his style gives a freshness to themes that have been written upon to dulness by scores of others."—*Boston Post.*

Tileston's Handbook of the Administrations of the United States. 16mo. Flexible. With Photographs of the Presidents, from Washington to Grant. $1.50. Large paper copies (limited), $2.50.

"From this excellent beginning to the conclusion, the book is replete with the most interesting information. Each administration receives its fair share of outline. When there have been messages or proclamations of importance, they are given either fully or in well-chosen extracts. Especial attention has been given to Mr. Lincoln, and, indeed, an epitome of the war is thus presented. Besides a history in brief of each President and his policy, we find lists of the different Cabinets, and an analysis of contemporaneous history. The style is clear and concise; and the book forms an entertaining and useful manual. If the reader could remember its contents, he would be well informed as to the entire history of this country."—*Philadelphia Age.*

WAIT FOR THE VERY BEST!!

READY AUGUST 1, 1871.

The Sacred Crown: A Collection of New Hymn Tunes, Anthems, Sentences, Motets, and Chants, for Public and Private Worship. By D. F. HODGES, the well-known Author and Conductor, Associate Editor of the very successful work, "Jubilant Voices"; and C. W. FOSTER, one of our most popular New England teachers.

"Magnificent Works."—Vide CHRISTINE NILSSON.

MAD. SOPHIE SCHWARTZ'S NEW NOVEL.

The Wife of a Vain Man. Translated by Miss SELMA BORG and Miss MARIA A. BROWN. 8vo. Paper, $1; Cloth, $1.50.

"The novels of Madame Schwartz are among the best. Interesting, quaint, and full of good sketches of human nature."—*Springfield Republican.*

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Guilt and Innocence. 8vo. Paper, $1; cloth, $1.50.

"A thrilling and romantic drama is constructed which keeps the attention riveted to the end, and the *dénouement* of which will perhaps surprise the most experienced novel-reader."—*Home Journal* (N. Y.)

Birth and Education. 8vo. Paper, $1 cloth, $1.50.

"A novel of modern Swedish life, written with the descriptive ability of Miss Bremer, and with far more animation and interest."—*Round Table.*

Gold and Name. 8vo. Paper, $1; cloth $1.50.

"A romance whose interest never flags from its opening to its close, and which should be read by every ambitious woman."—*N. Y. Ch. Advocate.*

OLIVER OPTIC'S NEW STORY.

Up the Baltic; or, Young America in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. Handsome 16mo. volume. Illustrated. $1.50.

"Our young folks have not forgotten that very pleasant, interesting, and instructive series of six volumes, by OLIVER OPTIC, entitled 'Young America Abroad.' They all regretted the closing of the series, for they desired to still follow the fortunes of their friends, the boys, and learn what they learned of foreign countries, their manners and customs.

"We are glad to announce to them that a second series of the same, six more volumes, are in preparation, and that this is the first volume of the new series. It is simply charming. It takes up the boys where they were left in 'Down the Rhine,' and gives a history of their cruise through the other countries named in the title-page.

"OLIVER OPTIC has visited Europe since the closing of the first series, on purpose to provide the necessary material for this series. He comes back richly laden, and the boys and girls must have the new volumes."—*Presb Press.*

ELIJAH KELLOGG'S NEW BOOK.

The Young Deliverers of Pleasant Cove. 16mo. Illustrated. $1.25.

"The previous books of this author attracted a great deal of attention from their striking originality; the vigor and raciness with which they were written, and the minute fidelity with which the manners and customs of a remote part of the country in the early days of the Republic were described. The present is a continuation of the 'Elm Island Stories,' and 'Arthur Brown; or, The Young Captain.' There are no better books published for boys than these."—*New York Atlas.*

*** Sold by all Booksellers and Newsdealers, and sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

LEE, SHEPARD, & DILLINGHAM, 47 & 49 Greene St., New York.

NEW BOOKS.--Now Ready.

OUR SEVEN CHURCHES:

Eight Lectures by Thomas K. Beecher. 16mo Price, paper, 50 cts.; extra cloth, $1 00; extra cloth gilt, $1 25.

These expositions of the best features of the seven great religious denominations in America, are so apt that each denomination is using the separate chapter treating of itself as a denominational tract. One of them has been circulated to the extent of over 150,000; and other has been translated into French and German for circulation in Europe. The combination of these brilliant lectures in one volume, together with a new and additional one of more general character on "The Church of Christ," will be a book sought for and much read.

Under the head of "TRUE EVANGELISM," the *N. Y. Mail* says:

"Rev. Thos. K. Beecher's sermons on the various denominations, preached to his own congregation at Elmira last year, and which attracted considerable attention throughout the country, have just been published by J. B. Ford & Co. They are very vigorous and most truly evangelical, each sermon pointing out the peculiar excellencies of 'Our Seven Churches, respectively—from the Roman Catholic to the Liberal Christian sects. The seriesis concluded with two admirable discourses on 'Choosing a Church' and 'the Church of Christ.' The whole matter and manner of the book is thoroughly Beecherian—and this endorsement gives the best notion its excellence."

The *Christian Union* says:

"The traditional mode of promoting Christian unity is to prove one's own sect so good that all others must needs be absorbed in it. The author of this little book reverses the method, and aims by pointing out the peculiar excellencies of each branch of the Church to promote mutual respect and affection among them all. * * * This is done with discrimination and with great freedom from sentimentality and from fulsomeness. The reader cannot but feel the genuine sincerity with which the author recognizes and loves the good qualities of churches the most diverse. Most honest and intelligent men will credit him with clear perception in the majority of his judgments. * * * It is eminently a book for the common people, not excluding the scholarly When we add to this that it is well suited to promote one of the noblest and rarest of Christian sentiments—the intelligent appreciation and love of all the branches of Christ's earthly family—we have said a great deal for its power to do good."

CHRISTIAN HEART-SONGS.

A Collection of Choruses, Quartets, and Set Pieces; together with a selection of Anthems, Motets, and Tunes of all Meters. By John Zundel, author of "Harmony and Modulation," "Voluntaries for the Organ,' etc. 8vo. Price, boards, $1 00; cloth, $1 25

Of this the *Christian Union* says:

"We have here presented in a book of very convenient size and shape, about 150 pages of the church composition of Mr. Zundel, whose name has been identified with church music in this country for a quarter of a century. Mr. Zundel is a complete harmonist, writing both artistically and out of the fulness of a musical and sympathetic nature. His music is made always to sympathize with the words. There is perfect accord between them. The tunes have not been hastily prepared, but are the work of an ordinary life-time. Many of them them are old familiar friends whose presence has become almost indispensable in the church service. The greater portion were composed during his now nearly eighteen years' connection with Plymouth (Rev. H. W. Beecher's) Church, of which he is still the organist. We have examined the *Heart Songs* with special care and much enjoyment. We must not omit to mention the exceeding neatness in appearance, and distinctiveness of typography in the make up of the volume. It is just the right size for home or congregational worship, and its cheap price makes it more accessible than a majority of similar works in the market which retail at twice the cost of this. We heartily endorse and commend these *Christian Heart-Songs.*"

MATERNITY.

A Popular Treatise for Young Wives and Mothers. By T. S. Verdi, A.M., M.D., of Washington, D. C. Handsomely printed on laid paper, beveled boards, extra English cloth. 12mo, 450 pages. Price $2 25.

Dr. Verdi's book has arisen from a want felt in his own practice, as a Monitor to Young Wives, a Guide to Young Mothers, and an assistant to the family physician. It is a *complete treatise on Motherhood*, treating of Pregnancy, Labor, the Nursing and Rearing of Infants, the Diseases of Children, the Care and Education of Youth. *Emphatically and thoroughly commended by Distinguished Physicians, and by the Medical, Religious, and Secular Press.*

The *N. Y. Times* says of it:

"While the writer is clear and precise throughout, he is sensitively scrupulous in regard to the delicacy with which the subject-matter is approached and discussed. In addition to the strictly medical and surgical portions of the work, there are valuable chapters devoted to the physiological care and training of infancy and youth. In short, the whole contents will be at once recognized by any sensible woman as constituting a safe friend and guide. The value of the book is enhanced by a clear and well-arranged synoptical index, reference by the use of which is remarkably easy."

☞ *The above books for sale by all booksellers, or sent free by mail on receipt of price.*

J.B. FORD & CO., Publishers,
New York City.

ELASTIC SPONGE.

CHURCH CUSHIONS,

MATTRESSES, PILLOWS, &c., &c,

Adopted by over 200 Churches.

The most Durable, Economical, and Cleanest.

NO PACKINC---NO MOTHS---NO DUST.

Price List and Samples of Cushions sent free on application to

WM. R. HORTON & SON,

Successors to AMERICAN PATENT SPONGE COMPANY,

Opp. St. Nicholas Hotel, **524 Broadway, New York.**

SOMETHING NEW

FROM WALTHAM.

A BOY'S WATCH

That will Suit Every One.

This Watch, which is of a smaller size than the other Waltham Watches, has just been introduced, and although called the Boy's Watch on account of its size, is destined to have wide and universal sale.

It is finely finished, of substantial construction, and contains all the recent improvements. Its low price and neat appearance will commend it to a large class of persons who have been deterred from purchasing Waltham Watches heretofore on account of their large size.

Our Illustrated Price-List describes this and all other Waltham Watches in detail, gives weight and quality of the cases, with prices of each, and explains our plan of sending watches to all parts of the country without risk to the purchaser.

Send for the Price-List, and state that you saw this notice in the *Plymouth Pulpit.*

HOWARD & CO.,
865 Broadway, New York.

Since February 1st, we have made considerable reductions in the price of all these Waches. All orders received after this date will be filled at the reduced prices.

A BRILLIANT SUCCESS

RAPID AND CONTINUED SALES!!

500 VOLUMES IN ONE!

AGENTS WANTED

FOR

THE LIBRARY OF POETRY AND SONG,

Being Choice Selections from the Best Poets.

English, Scotch, Irish, and American,

With an Introduction

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Under whose critical supervision the volume was compiled.

The handsomest and cheapest subscription book extant. Over **800** pages beautifully printed, choicely illustrated, handsomely bound. *A Library of over* **500** *Volumes in one book*, whose contents, of no ephemeral nature or interest, will never grow old or stale. It can be, and will be, read and re-read with pleasure as long as its leaves hold together.

"A perfect surprise. Scarcely anything at all a favorite, or at all worthy of place here, is neglected. It is a book for every household."—*N. Y. Mail.*

"*We know of no similar collection in the English language which, in copiousness and felicity of selection and arrangement, can at all compare with it.*."—*N. Y. Times.*

Terms liberal. This book, supplying a real public need in an admirable manner, has constantly sold so fast that the publishers have had trouble to keep up their stock. It has won an *instant and permanent popularity.* Agents all like it, and buyers are more than pleased with it. Send for Circular and Terms to

J. B. FORD & CO. Publishers,

27 Park Place, New York.